

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

OLD ARM CHAIR



I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair !
I've treasured it long, as a holy prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears and embalm'd it with sighs
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start ;
Would you learn the spell ?—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray,
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped ;
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled ;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'Tis past ! 'tis past ! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow ;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'Twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly and deem me weak,
While scalding drops start down my cheek ;
But I love it, I love it and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

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